

# GRAND DISPLAY — OF — SILVER WARE!

# Spring Opening — AT — H. LEONARD'S SONS & CO.'S.

# THE BEST GOODS — WITH THE — LOWEST PRICES!



95c.  
For this Child's Mug.  
Good Plate.

Pocket Match Safes 15c.  
Down from \$1.00.  
Best of Plate on Hand Metal.



\$5.59  
For this Baking Dish. The best quadruple plate  
Has removable Blue and White Linings. Many pretty styles to select  
from at any price you may want to invest.

GRAND RAPIDS SOUVENIR SPOONS, 35c.



\$5.65  
For this Bread Tray. You must see these Trays in order  
to appreciate them. Many patterns in stock.



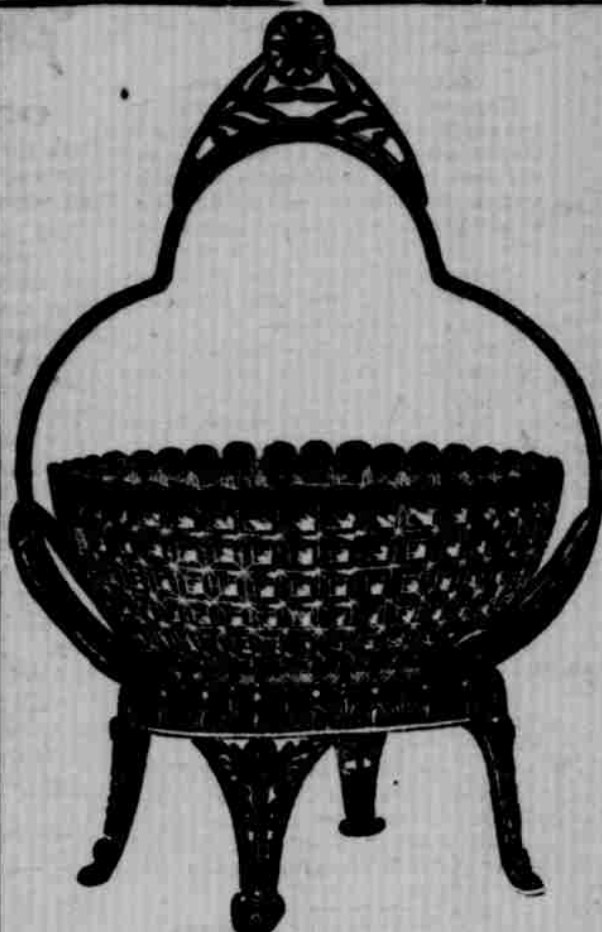
8c. for this Napkin Ring.  
It's a Beauty.

**CHATELAINE SETS**  
Chataleine Pins and attach'm'ts  
Chataleine Stamp Boxes  
Chataleine Pencils  
Chataleine Tablets  
Chataleine Court Plaster Cases  
Chataleine Bon-Bon Boxes  
Chataleine Combs  
Silver Combs & Brushes

## ROGERS' PLATED WARE.

Tea Spoons, \$1.13 set  
Forks, - - 1.49 "  
Table Spoons, 2.26 ea  
Knives, - - 1.49 set  
Berry Spoons, .87 "  
Pie Knives, .97 "  
Sugar Shells, .45 "  
Butter Knives, .50 "  
Pickle Forks, .35 "

**ORANGE  
SPOONS  
39c.**



\$3.38  
For this Berry Dish. Best plate. Rich  
Crystal Bowl. Would make a nice  
Wedding Present.

Ask to see our quadruple plated Tea Sets—3  
pieces (Sugar Creamer and Spooner),  
Engraved and Gold Lined,  
**\$7.39**  
A DECIDED BARGAIN.



\$2.98  
Buys this best of quadruple plated Cake  
Basket—good value for \$5.00. Don't  
wait until they are all gone.

**MANICURE ARTICLES SOLD  
SEPARATE.**

**JUST OPENED.  
A NEW AND LARGE  
LINE OF CLOCKS.**

**PICKLE CASTERS  
QUADRUPLE PLATE, RUBY GLASS,  
\$1.50**

**BUTTER KNIVES  
AND SUGAR SHELLS  
10c. each.**



\$1.49 for this pretty Bon-Bon TRAY.  
The very best plate.

**Silver Plated  
Nut Picks,  
45c.  
per set with box**



3.75  
And you have this elegant SYRUP PITCHER  
with Plate. If you want  
something more elaborate  
we have them.



13c for the above  
Salt or Pepper—good plate.  
A very sensible  
thing; can not  
break. 2 for 25c.

**FRUIT  
KNIVES  
97c. set.**

Our Assortment of Sterling Silver cannot Be Beaten. We are Selling Quantities of Souvenir Spoons. They make Nice Gifts.

After Dinner Tea Spoons. Orange Spoons. Bon-Bon Spoons. Bon-Bon Tongs. Gravy Ladles. Berry Spoons. Olive Forks. Oyster Forks.	HAIR PINS. HAT PINS. STAMP BOXES. MATCH BOXES. GLOVE DARNERS. PAPER KNIVES. Bon-Bon Boxes. Thimbles. Butter Picks.	Napkin Rings. Book Marks. Salt Spoons. Salt Dishes. Butter Knives. Sugar Shells. Pie Knives. Meat Forks. Bread and Butter Knives.	Solid Silver Thimbles 35c.	Solid Silver Coffee Spoons 65c.	Solid Silver Souvenir Spoons \$1.00
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## ONE FLAG FOR ALL

The Sectional Feeling in the  
South Obliterated  
END OF A DELIGHTFUL TRIP

Concluding Letter Describing the Glory  
and Hospitality of the South as  
Shared by Michigan Editors.

Arriving at Port Tampa, Florida, on  
a beautiful May morning in January,  
the Michigan editorial party slumbered  
peacefully in the car until the break-  
fast hour, when we returned to the  
"inn," a handsome resort hotel built  
over the waters of Tampa bay, where  
breakfast was served. Tampa bay is a  
beautiful sheet of water, and as we  
strolled along the pier about the inn  
we were greatly entertained by the  
myriads of sea fowl which literally  
swarmed about the pier and shipping,  
to gather up stray nibbles and min-  
nows. The wild ducks were perfectly  
fearless and would paddle along and  
meet upward glances as though begging  
for breakfast. Then there were hosts  
of sea gulls, penguins, curlews, herons,  
cranes and other peculiar tropical  
birds, all in noisy contention, disport-  
ing about and above the usual water  
regardless of the presence of their nat-  
ural enemy, man. It was a beautiful  
sight, made possible by the game laws  
which forbid the firing of a gun or the  
capture of wild fowl on Tampa bay.

The entertainment at Tampa was  
provided by the Tampa board of trade  
and a local committee of steamboat  
and railroad men. Colonel Elliott was  
there to champion the party which had  
been invited to a steamboat ride down  
the bay to Egmont Key, which lies be-  
tween the Gulf of Mexico and the bay.  
We boarded the Olivette, of the fast  
Cuban mail line, and the boat's prow  
swiftly cut the water and the wheels  
whipped it into a broadly widening line  
of sparkling foam, we felt that we were  
indeed slipping the cream of the trip.  
The steamer, which is controlled by the  
Plant system, was beautifully decorated  
with flowers and flags and a deli-  
cious lunch of fruit, cake and  
orangeade was served, with cigars for  
the gentlemen. A landing was made  
at Egmont Key, and an hour was  
pleasantly spent gathering curious  
shells, though the sun beat down upon  
the white sands with feverish intensity.  
On the return trip up the bay the  
steamer passed near a school of por-  
poise, executing a skirt dance ap-  
parently for our benefit.

**Tampa Bay Hotel.**  
Luncheon was served at the Tampa  
Bay hotel, a Moorish building of su-  
perb architecture erected by the Plant  
system at a cost of \$4,000,000, and  
rivaling the famous Ponce de Leon at  
St. Augustine. Each tower and min-  
aret is surmounted by the star and cres-  
cent, the Turkish emblem, which ap-  
pears everywhere about the institution.  
The star and crescent appears in silver  
upon all stationary, surmounts the  
menu card and glitters electrically  
from the ceiling of the music room.  
The building itself is in the form of a  
precinct of colossal proportions. After  
luncheon a hasty visit was made to a  
sugar factory at Ybor City, three miles  
distant, where 500 Cubans roll the  
wood and where each Michigan editor  
was presented with a box of 50 cent  
cigars.

Our visit at Tampa, "the gateway to  
the gulf and the door to Cuba," closed  
that night with a hop at the Tampa  
Bay hotel, the music being exception-  
ally fine.

When we emerged from our car the  
next morning we were at Kissimmee, a  
point long anticipated by the gentle-  
men of our party with feverish interest.  
Several young and bold editors had  
frequently asked the ladies with a pec-  
uliar emphasis, "Are you going to  
Kissimmee?" To which the answer was  
generally given, "Not just now," but  
it remained for the staid member of  
our party, a learned professor, to aston-  
ish the entire party by appearing with  
a bright yellow badge whereon the in-  
vitation was boldly printed, and  
throughout the morning the professor  
was the object of marked feminine at-  
tention.

It was at Kissimmee that we had an  
experience with a wild and bucking  
broncho. After breakfast, delicious as  
all southern breakfasts are, we were in-  
vited to ride. Carriages were waiting,  
together with some vehicles which were  
not carriages. Many of the animals  
were underzested, demure appearing  
beasts, and it fell to my lot to enter a  
single buggy to which was hitched a  
lemon colored broncho about the size  
of a rocking horse and of a more sub-  
dued cast of countenance than the  
average. The driver was the Rev. E.  
M. Stevens, a Presbyterian clergyman,  
formerly located at Sturgis, this state,  
but now engaged in saving souls at  
Kissimmee. He was mild and pleasant  
of manner and I congratulated myself  
on the prospects of a quiet drive  
through the tropical streets of Kissim-  
mee and the orange shaded drives of  
the suburbs.

**Awoke With a Start.**  
When Mr. Stevens grasped the lines  
he gave a gentle chirp to the horse.  
The animal was dreaming, but he  
awoke with a start which nearly jerked  
the top of the buggy off. Then he  
ran a block forward, reversed action  
and tried to sit down in our laps. He  
stood on her hind legs and pawed the  
air, then flopped over on her head and  
gave her neck a chance. The professor  
tried persuasion. It was no good.  
Then he tried coercion, and that was  
worse. Finally he applied the  
whip and the broncho's re-  
sponse to a rocking horse was  
more pronounced than ever. In  
the midst of this exhibiting  
experience glanced ahead and saw two  
shaggy gray ponies cutting up similar  
antics. While the professor, the relig-  
ious editor and four young men of  
leisurely clung to each other and the  
seats, dodging with dexterity the back-  
ward strokes of the animals' hoofs.  
Our broncho finally backed the car-  
riage against a fence and while an-  
other moment to consider what she  
would do next I escaped with more  
celerity than grace followed by the  
clergyman, whose face was as white as  
a calla lily. Some one took charge of  
the broncho. The clergyman walked  
home while I sandwiched into a seat in  
a double carriage with several mem-  
bers of the party, whose drive was one  
of untroubled calm.

Later in the morning we visited a  
sugar and rice plantation through cour-  
tesy of the Sugar Belt railroad, of  
which Mr. Tutwiler of Kissimmee, is  
superintendent. The plantation is only  
a few miles from the town and com-  
prises rich bottom lands, the most fer-  
tile that we saw in the state.  
We were due at Orlando for dinner,  
and a carriage ride was tendered by  
the citizens of that place. The drive led  
along a beautiful street paved with hard  
pan, a firm dense earth which hardens  
almost rock-like on being brought into

the air. It is taken from high lands  
near the city, and forms a cheap and  
substantial substitute for paving.  
We visited a fine farm near and saw pine-  
apples growing in perfection. On this  
same farm a half-acre patch of bananas  
had yielded over \$300 worth, and many  
ripe branches still hung unpicked. Let-  
tuce, tomatoes, green peas, string beans  
and other vegetables were growing in  
perfection.

**Strawberries in January.**  
We were served with an elegant din-  
ner at the San Juan hotel, one of the  
elegant hotels with which the new  
south is so well supplied. Strawberries  
were in bearing and we had the privi-  
lege of picking them, a privilege ap-  
preciated in January. This fruit in  
Florida continues in bearing fully six  
months, a fact not generally known in  
the north. From Orlando to Ocala we  
rode over the F. O. & A. division of  
the Florida Central & Peninsular rail-  
road, of which A. O. MacDonell of  
Jacksonville is general agent. During  
this portion of our trip our train was  
in charge of W. B. Tucker, the com-  
pany's manager at Orlando, who also  
accompanied us on our return north as  
far as Jacksonville.

At Ocala we were tendered breakfast  
and a carriage ride through the  
courtesy of the citizens of that place  
with a trip to the famous wealth-creat-  
ing phosphate mines at Dunellon, to  
which point our car was taken over the  
Silver Springs, Ocala & Gulf railroad.  
We obtained a good view of the beau-  
tiful Blue Springs run, where the water  
in places shows up as blue as heaven's  
dome, and we also enjoyed a  
short trip down Crystal Springs  
run on an ancient river steam-  
er, the water being so clear  
that moss-backed turtles, uncouth al-  
ligators and huge catfish could be  
plainly seen disposing themselves at a  
depth of seventy feet. Citrus, in the  
heart of the orange country, was  
reached early in the afternoon, and we  
visited the Bishop, Hoyt & Co. orange  
grove, containing nine hundred acres,  
and noted as the largest orange grove  
in the world. In this grove can be seen  
over two hundred varieties of oranges,  
each kind growing in perfection. The  
F. C. & P. railroad runs midway  
through the grove, affording passen-  
gers a beautiful view. We strolled  
through the grove by invitation and  
visited the packing houses, witnessing  
every stage of the orange industry,  
from picking to shipping. Perhaps it is  
needless to say that when we returned  
to our car the proprietors sent us a  
box of the most luscious oranges ever  
grown.

The next day being Sunday, it was  
quietly spent at Jacksonville, where  
point our car had been drawn during  
the night. Some attended church,  
some enjoyed a trip on the St. Johns  
river, while others visited Pablo Beach,  
a beautiful resort on the Atlantic coast,  
an hour's ride from the city.

**Through Georgia.**  
Monday morning found us at Savan-  
nah, Ga., regretting having been spent  
to fair Florida during the night. Our  
headquarters while in Savannah were  
at the DeSoto hotel, a magnificent  
structure furnished by the Phoenix  
Furniture company of this city. At  
this hotel the bills for the entire party  
were paid in advance by Colonel Elliott  
for the plant system as the crowning  
effort in a series of unparalleled  
hospitalities extended.

At Savannah, a city committee, con-  
sisting of Mayor McDonough, Colonel  
J. H. Elliott of the News, Trade Man-  
ager Owens of the S. F. & W. railroad,  
President Purser of the board of trade,  
W. W. Starr, F. G. Bell, and others,  
took our party in charge and showed  
us every attention. Immediately after  
breakfast carriages were entered, and  
we visited many points of interest in  
and about the city, including the ocean  
shipping wharves. Then we rode away  
into the beautiful country to the "Her-  
mitage," an idyllic remnant of old  
slavery days. There was the family  
mansion, enclosed by the garden of  
roses and jasmine. There the fragrant,  
glossy-leaved magnolia spread its pro-  
tecting branches over the old home,  
and tapped lightly at the windows for  
admittance. Vines clambered up the  
lattice porticos and clung tenaciously  
to the upper balconies, throwing out  
the perfume of their blossoms with  
every passing zephyr. In every shadow  
and secluded crevice moss and lichens  
spread their velvet beauty over the de-  
cay, which was but too evident. Near  
at hand was the home of the planta-  
tion overseer, and still nearer was the  
building once occupied by the house  
servants. From the portals of the old  
mansion stretched a splendid drive-way  
miles in length, and lined on either  
side with mammoth live oaks, their  
spreading branches uniting overhead in  
a grand arcade, from which the melan-  
choly Spanish moss hung thickly and  
swayed lightly in the soft force, which  
was not wind, but air in gentle motion.  
Just outside the line of trees, at regular  
intervals, stood the slave huts, small,  
one-roomed homes, with broad chim-  
neys built upward from the ground.  
The roofs were gone, doors and win-  
dows were out, and decay indisputable  
inhabited every place.

**Reached the Chain Gang.**  
Returning to the city we passed the  
chain gang, for the state of Georgia  
employs (colored) convict labor on the  
roadways. Over every quartet of  
shackled workmen stood a white de-  
puty sheriff with a glittering Winches-  
ter rifle. Death was the certain pen-  
alty of every attempt at escape. As  
we rode by the unfortunate wretches  
marched down to the crossroads cor-  
ner, where their dinner was served, the  
ground being used for chairs and a  
plank for a table.  
After several miles over a  
smooth shell road conveyed our party  
to the Thunderbolt Yacht club house,  
where an elaborate lunch was served,  
presided over by Mayor McDonough,  
and where courtesies were exchanged  
in after dinner speeches.

When the shadows lengthened that  
afternoon we visited the historic Bon-  
aventure cemetery, where those that  
sleep are so tenderly cared for. We  
returned late to the hotel for dinner,  
and departed northward the same  
evening, bidding adieu to Savannah  
with keen regret, for it is a beautiful  
city, and one which combines with  
beauty the thrift so noticeable in  
northern towns. At Jessup that night  
we parted with Colonel Elliott, whom  
we had learned to regard with warmest  
friendship.

Mountain via the Incline railroad and  
were dined at the summit of Cameron  
Hill. The afternoon was spent on the  
battleground of Missionary Ridge. In the  
evening a reception tendered by the  
mayor and common council closed the  
long list of formal entertainments  
given the Michigan editorial party in  
the south, the next day being spent  
riding over the Queen & Crescent rail-  
road to Cincinnati. The road traverses  
the mountains and passes through pic-  
turesque and beautiful scenery. Be-  
tween Chattanooga and Cincinnati the  
train rushes through twenty-seven tun-  
nels of condensed darkness and skirts  
the thread of a winding emerald river.  
Memories of the southern trip can-  
not be other than pleasant. There is a  
warm cordiality and an innate hospi-  
tality ready for the stranger in every  
town and city. We found the people  
of the south loyal to their state and to  
the United States. At the time of our  
visit the Chilian war cloud was heard  
the darkest and on every side we heard  
loyal expressions for the Stars and  
Stripes, which was termed "our flag." Sectional lines, if any such exist now,  
were invisible and we were made to feel  
that our interest was their interest, our  
country their country, and though our  
party was entirely without political  
features, one member persistently  
walked about with a chip on his  
shoulder. We apprehended losing him  
somewhere. Contrary to expectation,  
he was treated everywhere with the  
courtesy characteristic of the southern  
gentleman, and when we arrived at  
Cincinnati, where we dispersed for our  
homes in various parts of the state, our  
rash politician was with us in good  
health and spirits, unperforated by the  
southern bullet so frequently men-  
tioned.  
E. S. W.

## It is Monarch of all it Surveys!

Its right there are none to dispute.  
Convenient, safe, reliable and warranted.



It is the "Drum Major" of them all, leading the long proce-  
sion of other makes. Never seeing or hearing of a competitor  
without looking over its shoulder. No matter what you want  
ask us for it.

**WINEGAR FURNITURE CO.**  
123 to 129 S. Division St., 160 and 162 Cherry  
St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS.**

**CURE  
SICK  
HEAD  
ACHE**

Rick Headache and relieve all the troubles in-  
herent to a bilious state of the system, such as  
Dizziness, Nausea, Irritability, Indigestion, after  
eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most  
remarkable success has been shown in curing  
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS  
are equally valuable in Constipation, curing  
and preventing the annoying complaint, while  
they also correct all disorders of the stomach,  
stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.  
Even if they only cure

Ask them they would be almost proven to them  
to suffer from this distressing complaint,  
but fortunately their goodness does not end  
here, and those who once try them will find  
these little pills valuable in so many ways that  
they will not be willing to do without them.  
But after all sick head

is the name of so many from that have been  
made our great boast. Our pills cure it  
in five minutes. They are perfectly reliable and do  
not grip or purge, but by their gentle action  
they get the bowels into motion. In case of in-  
dication for a full evacuation, or used by mail,  
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Sole Retailers: Small Drug Store, Small Drug Store, Small Drug Store.